SCHOOL DAYS

Bathing Suits? The Very Latest!

Novel Effects Evolved by Claire West, Triangle Designer, for Wear in Coming Picture, Are Here Shown and Described in Detail.





ingered over the supper table, reading the Pattonville evening paper.

"Well" he looked up as she entered, but did not rise. "I suppose your father saw you home safe. He didn't come in, did he? That's right. By the way, how a your mother?"

"She s—she's better," stammered Jane. "Are you all right, Augustus."

She forced herself to be pleasant and made her manner solicitous. Her fear

was teaching her such deception as she would have once despised.

He smiled as if pleased at her question, then frownd slightly.

"I'm all right," heald, "but other things aren't"

"I'm so surry," she ventured.
"Some stock I'd invested in has gone to pot," he explained.

And she must ask him to extend the

not do it now. She must wait a few days. Suddenly he laughed coarsely, "Well, you sent Ruth about her business, didn't you? Mary told me about it. I'm glad you minded me. You're a good girl, after all, Jane. Come and kiss me!"

Suppressing any signs of disgust, she obeyed. She wundered if she could have done this just now if she had not recalled her mother's pale face.

For her parents sake she must keep this man in good humor.

(To Be Continued.)

What did you want of him?"

"He promised to meet us in the woods, where the green moss grows," answered Luiu, "and play tag with us. We waited and waited, and played tag all by ourselves tonight, even jumping in the bush, as Uncle Wiggly accidentally did when he was chasing me, but he did not come along. So we came here to see what is the matter."

The three duck children came up on the porch, where the bright light shows on them from inside the bungalow.

"The ny scotness me askes alive and

Little Bobbie's Pa

Ms Lets a Cook Go and Pa Compliments Her.

When Pa calm hoam last nite Ma sed to him Well, deerest, I have jest let another cook She got impident & I got angry. I see, sed Pa. She got impident & you lost upre hed. & wen you lost yure hed you lost a miley good cook, too.

ducks are all covered with red spots, too. You all have the measies? Oh my?

"Measles!" cried Jimmie, the boy duck. Measles! These aren't measles, Nurse Jame! These are sticky red berries are sticky. Ike burdock burs, and they stick to us."

"Oh, my goodness." cried Nurse Jame! Well, I woddent say thay was like yores, sed Pa. thay was diffrent. I am sorry you cuddent say thay was like yore cooking, but I downt want my little rank to where Uncle Wiggily was lying in bed. She heard over and picked off some of the red spots from his fur. "Why" cried the muskers lady. "You haven't the measles at all. Wiggy! It's just steky, red berries in your fur, just as they are in the duck's feathers. You're all right! Get up and have a good time!"

And Uncle Wiggily did. after Nurse Jame buries out of his fur. He didn't have the measles at all, for which he was the stick to us.

"Oh, my goodnesss" cried Nurse Jane.
"Walt a minute children!" Then she
ran to where Uncle Wiggily was lying
to B. GARIS.

bad, you know, but only just in fun.
to make it stand up straight.

All the next day the bunny uncle
stayed it bed with his red spota, though
the wanded very much to go out in the
woods looking for an adventure. And
when wenning came and Nurse Jane and
sitting out on the front porch of the
hollow stump bungalow, she sudden,
and the read a quacking sound and along
came Luiu.

"Where is Uncle Wiggily" asked
Luiu.

"Where is Uncle Wiggily" asked
Luiu.

"Where is Uncle Wiggily" asked
Luiu.

"Where is Dacle Wiggily asked
Luiu.

"Where he bed," asked Jimmie,
"Where he bed," asked Jimmie

calm hoam & I told you shout firing the girl you wud taik my part. I mite have known better, at that, sed Ma. I don't usu-ally git any assistant from you in my troubles.

Wife, sed Pa, doant go to crying now. I will tell you a seekeret. I know ware thare is a dandy gurl. Bilkins was telling me today about a gurl his wife jest fired. As you & her doant git along. I think you wud be sure to like any gurl she dident like.

I will send for her the first thing in the mornins. & in the meentime, we can sither go out to our meals of have them sent in. If you doant feel like cooking & I know you doant feel like cooking.

I am going to try it for awhile, sed

sed Ma.

No, sed Pa. I am not afrade to eat anything or drink anything that hasent got a crossboner on it. But I dean want you to do housework as long as I am doing so well. We could have two guris & never miss the numay, sed Pa. But welth is vulgar, why speak of it? Take this fifty, sed Pa.

You dear boy, sed Ma. I can never feel blue vary long in yure deer presence. I suppose you want to go out sumware with the boys tonite. All rite dearest sed Ma, runa slong.

Then Ma & Pa boath was happy & I asked Pa for some mumny so I cuil to happy too.

Rich Men Plan Garden A MODERN, CONVENIENT HOME City In Belgium As a Testimonial To Valor

London, Eng., April 29 .- Aproposal has been made by wealthy men of several European nations to build in Belgium at the close of the war a garden city as a testimonial of the world to the valor of that nation and as some contribution toward replacing the places destroyed during the conflict.

U. S. NEEDS MORE BIG VESSELS FOR THE NAVY

(Continued From Previous Page.) (Centinued From Previous Fage.)

Frank Friday Fletcher said the other day, in testifying before the house committee on naval affairs, that the rank of the first four sea powers, reckoned in dreadnaughts actually commissioned was at the present time as follows: England 83, Germany 25, United States eight. France seven Reckoned in destroyers (another important fighting element) the figures, he stated, were about the same, proportionately. In gunpowder—the ultimate standard of naval efficiency—we hattle cruisers, no worthwhile scouts, no aircraft worth mentioning, and no sea going submarines. In short, we are not ready to fight.

SAY FELLERS! Y'OUGHT TO SEE TIM HIRK IN HIS NEW SISSY SUIT! I SEEN HIM SMORHIN' - WHITE SHOES - HA HA! HO HO HO! A SOAK AT HIM WITH A ROTTEN AN' A LACE COLLAR, HO HO HO' APPLE! AN' A BOH TIE, AN A HA HA HA DIHKY HAT- HE HE HE! TOON, TOMORROW TOO, UNLESS HS MA LETS HIM

A Serial of Family Life

What Happened To Jane By VIRGINIA TERBUNE VAN DE WATER.

Her Father Asks Her to Beg for More Time to Pay Reeves (Copyright 1915, Star Company)

ure began to weigh upon her. She was always frightened about something, newadays, whe told herself. "I'll walk a ways with you," her father informed her. "It's hardly necessary to hitch up the horse for just that mile—is it?"

that mile—is 117".
"Certainly not," Jane agreed. "And
"Certainly not," Jane agreed. "And
I must walk so fast that there's no
need to bother you to go with me."
"We sit in the kitchen these days instead of in the sittingreem." Erra remarked when he and his daughter were

walking down the lane.

"Yes, I noticed that," she rejoined "Why do you do it?"

"To save coal and wood," Erra explained. "We're hard up, Jane."

"Why are you so hard up?" she usked. "You live simply and mother tells me she has sold some of her chickens, and that down at the hotel they've hought duite a los of butter and eggs from het."

"It's not the living that worries me."
Esra said, but it's the notes that will fall due sood and must be paid."

A Plea to the Daughter.

Jane recalled the bit of information her mother had siven her hast December. She said that Augustus had lent Exra money to pay debts with and taken a note for the amount. That note was to fall due sometime about March." Mrs. Hardy had said. And this was late Pebruary.

"You mean—she stammered, "that Augustus"—

"Yes, I noticed that she didn't look well."

"The sorry, I will see what I can do you had to go to have and she wanted to go take and of the lane and she wanted to go to her of the lane and she wanted to go to her of the Reeves house, Mary opened the door for her.

"Heard you coming," also me all the dim, so don't spell it for you and me both. He's soot other things on his mind, so he isn't caring much about your being out, not the way he would at other times. Just be pleasant, and I guess it'll be all right."

She lan't well—and it's all on account of worrying."

"I'm sorry, I will see what I can do. Jane promised Toop had reached the end of the lane and she wanted to go tawn by herself.

As he ped up the path to the back entrance of the Reeves house, Mary opened the door for her.

"Hary Gives a Warning.

"Heard you coming," also me had been sto that will and the worless of the remained to the remained the will all the soute that will and the worless me."

"Hary Gives a Warning.

"Hary Gives a Warning.

"Here I noticed that she didn't look well."

"He had you coming, also me had been sto that the head of the lane and she wanted to get away by herself.

"The sout well—and it's all on account of well."

"I'm sorry. I will see what I can

CHAPTER XIVI.

S soon as the Hardy's simple and early supper was over, Jane said she must be going. She was suddanly nervous as she thought of what her husband might say to her of her absence. For hours, ahe had drasded Ruth's opinion of her, but now the probability of her husband's displeasure began to weigh upon her. She

"Yes, I noticed that she didn't look well."

Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

Sleep

For all the unnumbered things that tion also that you would like a harmless have been written about sleep, little stain. have been written about sleep, little enough has been said about its beau-enough has been said about its beau-tifying qualities. Physicians insist on the big tor.—E. C. upon it for health—but beauty spe-cialists mostly preach the gospel of face massage and cold cream and asface massage and cold cream and as-tringents, to restore the lax muscles that too concentrated a life has produced, whereas, one night of deep re-freshing sleep will iron out more wrinkles than weeks of cream and work. They say a man should sleep six hours at a minimum, a woman seven, a child eight to nine. I should add an hour to each, as the proper period for rest. And a delicate or a nervous woman needs at least nine hours out of twenty-four

to restore her energies completely. There is danger in oversleeping as well as undersleeping. The brain grown lazy, never wakes to its full activity, the blood seems torpid and the whole system below normal standards.

When you alcop, close your eyes with pleasant thoughts in your mind, remembering that whatever the worries of the day, you can do nothing now-your present duty is to gather your energies for strength and clear vision in the morning. Sleep with plenty of fresh air in the room, all of it you can get, with warm, light coverings. Sighing, or yawning, sometimes induces sleep. And dur-ing the day, when you feel even the least bit fatigued, stop a moment and lie back with your head against a pillow and your mind a temporary blank

Then you can go back to your duties with a mind freshened by its Lean back with a sigh and rest. It brief respite from work. You will will troshen a tired face find your face freshen a bit from even a few moments of rest.

Questions and Answers

I would like to know of some cony to derken and relation my cyclerous and lastes. I had much orde from your "Beouty Chats."—Hims Eyes. Reply—Brushing the brows will help some; also trimming the ragged sads from the lastes; but if you would like a formula for a tonic which will make both grow, send an addressed, stamped savelope. Men-



will freshen a tired face formity of the joint, caused by an injury. generally from too much pressure. Re-lieve all pressure on it, either by cutting a hole in the shoe, or wearing soft and extra-sized shees. Faint it with iodine occasionally, when it pains. If you do not aggravate it, it will grow much lees in size, and if you send me an addressed, stamped envelope, I will send you a sim-ple lotion, which will also help it. Keep up a good circulation in the feet, espe-cially if you have any tendency to rhesimatism. Bedtime Story For the Little Ones "Uncle Wiggily and the Red Spots." BY HOWARD B. GARIS.

NCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one fine when he heard a little voice call-to him:

h, Uncle Wiggily! Will you have me of tag with me?"

first the bunny uncle thought the might belong to a bad fox or a m-scarum bear, but when he had dithrough the bushes he saw that T THELE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the lay when he heard a little voice calling to him:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Will you have game of ing with me?"
At first the bunny uncle thought the

voice might belong to a bad fox or a harum-scarum bear, but when he had harum-scarum bear, but when he had peeked through the bushes he saw that it was Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck mit, who had called to him.

"Have a game of tag with you? Why, of course, I will." laughed Uncle Wiggily. "That is, if you will kindly excuse my rheumstism, and the red, white and blue crutch which Norse Jane Fuzzy Wurzy, my muskrat lady housekeeper, gnawed for me out of a cornstalk."

"Of course, I'll excuse it, Uncle Wiggily," said Lulu. "Only please don't lag me with the end of your crutch, for it lickles me, and when I'm itekled I have to laugh, and when I'm itekled I have to laugh, and when I laugh I can't play ing.

"I wen't tag you with my crutch," spoke Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. "Now we're ready to begin."

So the little duck girl and the rabbit gentleman played tag there in the woods, lumping and springing about on the soft mossy green carpet under the trees.

Sometimes Lulu was "it" and some-times Uncle Wiggily would be tagged by the foot or wing of the duck girl, who was a sister to Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble.

by the foot or wing of the duck girl, who was a slater to Alice and Jimmis Wibblewobble.

"Now for a last tag" cried Uacle Wiggily when it was getting dark in the woods. "I'll tag you this time, Luiu, and then we must go home."

"All right," agreed Luiu, and she ran and flew so fast that Uncle Wiggily after her to make her "it." And finsily when Uncle Wiggily aimost had his paw on the duck girl she flew right over a bush, and, before Uncle Wiggily could stop himself, he had rifn into the bush until he was half way through it.

But, very luckily, it was not a scratchy briar bush, so no great harm was done, except that Uncle Wiggily's fur was a bit ruffled up, and he was tickled.

"I gness I can't tag you this time, Luiu" laughed the bunny uncle. "We'll give up the game now, and I'll be 'it' next time when we play."

"All right, Uncle Wiggily's fur was a this time tomorrow night, and I'll bring Alice and Jimmie with me, and we'll have lots of fun. We'll have a grand game of tag."

"Fine" cried the bunny uncle, as he squirmed his way out of the bush.

Then he went on to his hollow siump bungalow, and Luiu west on to her duck pen house to have her supper of corn meal sauce with watercress salad sprinkled over the aides.

As Uncle Wiggily was sitting down to his supper of carrot ice cream with lettuce sandwiches gil puckered around the edges, Nurse Jane Pursy Wunzy looked at him across the table, and exclaimed:

"Why, Wiggy! What's the matter with out."

Why, Wiggy! What's the matter

with you."
"Matter with me? Nothing, Janie! I feel just fine!" he said. "I'm hungry, that's all!" "Why, you're all covered with red pots" went on the muskrat lady, You are breaking out with the mea-les. I must send for Dr. Possum at

ales. I must send for Dr. Possum at once."

"Measlest Nonsense;" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I can't have 'em again. I've had 'em once."

"Well, maybe these are the French or German mustard measles," said the muskrat lady. "You are certainly all covered with red spots, and red spots are always measles."

"Well, what are you going to do about it" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"You must go to bed at once." said Nurse Jane, "and when Dr. Possum comes he'll tell you what else to do. Oh. my! Look at the red spots!"

Uncle Wiggily was certainly as red spotted as a polkadot shirt waist. He looked at himself in a glass to make sure.

"Well, I spess I have the measles all."

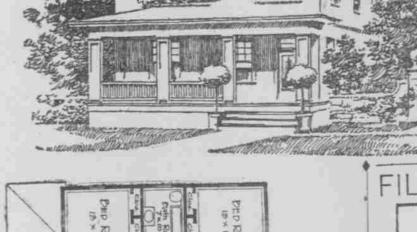
looked at himself in a glass to make sure.

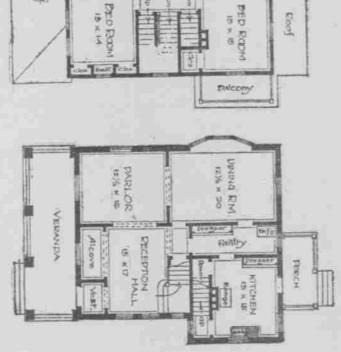
"Well, I guess I have the measles all right," he said, "But I don't see how I can have them twine. This must be a different style, like the new dances."

It was dark when Dr. Possum came, and when he saw the red spots on Uncle Wiggily, he said:

"Yez, I guess they're the measles all right. Lots of the animal children are down with them. But don't worry keep nice and warm and quiet, and you'll be all right in a few days."

So Uncle Wiggily went to bed, red spots and all, and Nurse Jane made him hot carrot and sussafras tea, with whipped cream and chocolate in it. The cream was not whipped because it was





PLEASANT, conveniently planned home is shown here. All rooms are bright and well ventilated. The first floor shows a reception hall, parlor, dining room, pantry and kitchen.
Four bed rooms and bath are on the second floor.

The first story is brick, the second of shingles or stucco, with shingled roof.

OUT WITH A PENCIL



Can you finish this picture?

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots. Begin at No. 1 and take them numerically.

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